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The MIAL BOOK



By
WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER



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THE ANIMAL BOOK



The Animal Book

THE ANIMAL BOOK

BY
WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER

AUTHOR OF "NOTHING TO WEAR," ETC.

WITH EIGHT COLORED ILLUSTRATIONS
AND EIGHT IN BLACK-AND-WHITE
BY ELSIE DODGE PATTEE



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THE ANIMAL BOOK

I

THERE was once a grandpapa who lived in a house on a hill in a small town near a large city. This grandpapa had thirteen grandchildren—eight boys and five girls—the eldest a boy of eight years and the youngest a boy baby just able to creep. They were all very fond of getting into the big room which their grandpapa called his Library because it held a great many books; and in one corner of this Library, down

on the lowest shelf, there was one book which these grandchildren loved most of all to get hold of and look at. As soon as they were able to talk they all wanted this book which they called the "Animal Book," because it was filled with pictures of all sorts of animals. Even the grandchildren who could not talk would sit on their grandpapa's knee, or stand by his side, and pat the animals, and call out "bow-wow" when they saw a dog, or "moo-cow" when they saw a cow.

It would be hard to tell which of the animals these thirteen grandchildren liked best. There were orang-outangs, large and small, baboons and baby baboons, monkeys of all sizes, a polar bear sitting on a large cake of ice, a very big black European bear with his thick coat of long hair, elephants, zebras and kangaroos, all manner of horses, donkeys and deer, camels and cats. There was the St. Bernard dog who digs in the deep snow and saves people from being frozen to death; the Newfoundland dog who jumps into

the water and pulls out little children when they fall in; the pointer dog who goes out with his master to show him where birds are that he can shoot and bring home for dinner; the shepherd-dog who watches the flocks of sheep and goes after the stray lambs and brings them back; the mastiff who walks around the farmer's barn and takes care of the chickens; the bull-dog who looks after the meat hanging up in the butcher's stall, and the spotted coach-dog who runs between the horses' legs without getting a kick. There was the rhinoceros with his thick skin, the giraffe with his long neck, and the hippopotamus with his hard name, which it took the thirteen grandchildren a great while to learn.

As the thirteen grandchildren loved the animals so much it was no wonder the animals loved the grandchildren, and when they had been put away on their shelf in the corner, after they had been patted and kissed, they very often had long talks together about the grandchildren. The

hyena was very fond of one of the little girl grandchildren; he loved her enough to eat her up. The whole monkey family thought a great deal of the older boy grandchildren because they climbed and twisted and tumbled over each other and doubled themselves up very much as they did themselves, while the bears were ready at any time to hug all the thirteen boys and girls, big and little, whether they wore pantaloons, kilts, frocks, or long clothes.

II

ONE cold night—the night but one before Christmas—the elephant poked the giraffe with one of his tusks and said, so that all the animals could hear, “I do wish we could club together and get each of these thirteen grandchildren a Christmas present. If I were not so old I would like to go out and buy the presents and bring them home in my trunk.”

“It would be very nice,” said the giraffe, “but if I were to go out on these winter nights I should catch a sore throat ten feet long, so somebody else must get the presents.”

Just then the polar bear gave a growl, as much as to say, “Animals, listen to me.” So all the animals listened, and the polar bear said, “I am not afraid of the cold, but you cannot possibly buy presents for the thirteen grandchildren

without money, and no one in the whole 'Animal Book' has any money."

The animals knew that what the polar bear said was true, and then they all went to sleep except the oldest orang-outang and the big European bear and the white-nosed monkey. Presently the orang-outang whispered to the bear, "I know how we could raise the money to buy Christmas presents for the thirteen grandchildren, if you will help and if I can get a suit of clothes."

"How?" said the bear as he sat up and leaned over with his big ear toward the orang-outang.

"Why, don't you see," said the orang-outang, "if I were to dress up in men's clothes and take you out, you could dance and we could pick up pennies and five-cent pieces enough to buy the presents with, and if the white-nosed monkey would go with us, he could help; but, dear me, I have got no clothes."

"Look here," said the white-nosed monkey, "I

know where you can get all the clothes you want, Mr. Orang-outang; I heard the grandmamma say she had put a pile of clothes out in the attic to give to a missionary."

"But I am not a missionary," said the orang-outang, "and I do not want to wear clothes that do not belong to me."

White-nose thought a minute and then he said, "Mr. Orang-outang, I think buying Christmas presents for the thirteen grandchildren is real missionary work, but, anyhow, you will bring the clothes back and then they can go to the missionary; and I will go along with you and Mr. Bear; though there is another thing we ought to have which you have not said anything about."

"And what is that?" said the orang-outang and the bear together.

"A hand-organ," said the white-nosed monkey; "if we had a hand-organ it would be all right; but we can try what we can do without it;

only, Mr. Bear will have to dance very high and take a great many steps."

Then these three animals, after talking a little more about it, waited until it was near daylight, and slipped out quietly and went upstairs to the attic, and easily found the pile of clothes, and picked out a pair of pantaloons and a coat and vest for the orang-outang, also an overcoat and a soft hat and a large pair of shoes; and when, with the help of his companions, he was dressed up in these things, he looked like a very fine old gentleman. They found a pair of reins with bells on them which the grandchildren used to play horse with, and they took them for the orang-outang to lead the bear with. The orang-outang did not put on the shoes, nor the bear the reins, till they had gone downstairs and got out of the house, for fear of making a noise; then they walked out to the gate and into the street.



“He looked like a very fine old gentleman.”—Page 8

III

IT was so early in the morning that there were very few people out of doors. The first man they saw was a milkman who was driving his cart with two great cans of milk in front of him. He was half asleep and did not see the three animals coming down the sidewalk, but his horse saw them and was so surprised that he gave a great jump and started off on a run, upsetting the milk-cart, pitching the milkman into the middle of the street, and knocking the covers off the milk-cans so that the milk came running in a stream down the gutter. The monkey and the bear thought it would be a great pity to waste all this good milk, so they stuck their noses into the stream and had some long drinks from it. The orang-outang wanted to join them, but he

was afraid of soiling his clothes if he lay down in the street, and he could not very well get a drink of the milk unless he did so. As for the milkman he ran after his horse and they did not see him again.

They went on a little farther and whom should they see coming but the letter-carrier; he was just stopping at a letter-box and was looking into it to take out the letters, so that he did not see the three animals till they were close by the box; then he heard the jingling of the bells and looked up, and was so startled that he dropped all the letters and they went flying around on the sidewalk and in the street, and the letter-carrier wished he could get into the box and shut the cover and stay there, because he was so frightened. But at this moment two men came along who were going to their work to dig out some ground for a stone wall; one of these men had a big pickaxe, and the other had a spade, and when they saw the orang-outang, the bear, the monkey,

and the letter-carrier, they came up and stood still to see what the matter was.



When the orang-outang saw these workmen it was his turn to be frightened, and the bear did

not like the looks of the pickaxe and the spade, while the monkey's teeth began to chatter, and he looked round for a tree, thinking it might be the safest thing for him to climb to the top of it.

After the animals and the three men had looked at each other for a little while, the orang-outang put his hand on his heart and made a low bow and shook the reins, and the bear began to dance with all his might and main, and the monkey ran around and picked up the letters and gave them to the letter-carrier, who seemed very much pleased, and the workmen laughed and clapped their hands to make the bear go on dancing. When the dance was over the men were so pleased that they each gave a present; one of the workmen opened his tin can and gave the orang-outang a piece of gingerbread which made up for his not having had any milk; the other workman gave the bear an old pipe, and the letter-carrier presented the monkey with a



“They stuck their noses into the stream.”—*Page 9*

whistle, which he was very glad to get because he said to himself that it would do for one of the presents for the thirteen grandchildren, as he knew of one of the boys who would take it and whistle all day and put it under his pillow when he went to bed, and begin whistling with it as soon as he woke up in the morning and long before anybody else was out of bed.

After this the three animals went on down the hill into the town, and as they were going through the streets all of a sudden the monkey gave a shrill little scream, and caught hold of the bear's right paw, and called out to him and the orang-outang, "Listen, a hand-organ!" So they both listened, and sure enough it was a hand-organ around the corner of the next side street, and as they turned into that street they saw the organ and the organ-grinder and his monkey.

"Now," said the white-nosed monkey, "we shall be all right. I told you we wanted a hand-

organ and here it is. What good luck we are having."

"But it isn't our hand-organ," growled the bear. "It's an opposition show."

"Just you wait," said the monkey, "and leave it all to me, and we will make it a combination show."

What the monkey meant by a "combination show" was two shows put together so as to make one show.

Then the white-nosed monkey went up to the organ-grinder's monkey and they had a long talk in monkey language together, and after a while it was agreed that they should all go together to the large Square in the town, and there the organ-grinder should play the hand-organ, and the bear should dance, and the two monkeys should climb the telegraph poles and play all the tricks they knew, and the organ-grinder and the orang-outang should take all the money the people would give, and the organ-grinder should keep

one half for himself and the orang-outang should have the other half to buy Christmas presents for the thirteen grandchildren.

So they all went together to the Square and began the performance. The men and women and boys and girls came out of the houses and the shops and from all around to see this wonderful show. The organ-grinder made the loudest music that ever came out of a hand-organ. The bear nearly danced his legs and paws off. The monkeys swung by their tails and hung by their teeth and made faces at each other and everybody, and whenever the music or the dancing stopped for a minute the white-nosed monkey nearly blew his cheeks off with whistling.

All the people were very much amused and they looked very hard at the orang-outang. At first they thought he was the organ-grinder's father because he had such an old-looking face; then they thought perhaps he was his brother or only his friend. Some people tried to speak to





“The bear nearly danced his legs and paws off.”—*Page 15*

him, but all he did was to put his hand on his heart and bow, and every one thought he was a very polite, kind-hearted old gentleman, only sometimes he seemed to be rather cruel to the bear when he made him dance higher and higher and gave him no time to rest.

The organ-grinder gave the monkeys two tin cups to collect the money in and they were soon filled up with pennies and nickels and silver pieces, and when the organ-grinder had put them all in a long bag he played the last piece of music, and then the show was over and all the people went away. The organ-grinder invited the orang-outang and the bear and the monkey to go home and take lunch with him, which they were very glad to do. The bear was so tired after his dancing that he had to lie down after lunch and take a long nap; the monkeys had stopped on their way to buy a peck of peanuts and were very busy cracking and eating them. The organ-grinder and the orang-outang counted

out the money, and each took one half of it and both of them had enough.

Then the orang-outang said that he must go to the large city, which was not far from the town,



and buy the Christmas presents for the thirteen grandchildren, and he asked the organ-grinder to go along with him and help him select them. The organ-grinder told him the first thing was to make out his list, and he got a pencil and a sheet of paper and told the orang-outang to tell

him the names of the thirteen grandchildren and the present he wanted to get for each one. This was a hard thing for the orang-outang to do, because he only knew the thirteen grandchildren by sight and did not know their names. The organ-grinder said he could number them and call the eldest Number One, and the next one Number Two, and so on down to Number Thirteen. The orang-outang thought this was a good plan, and the organ-grinder put the numbers on the paper, making them very large, because the orang-outang could not see very well and had no spectacles.

The next thing was to set down the presents, one opposite each number. They had to get only twelve presents, because the letter-carrier's whistle was one present, and the question was which grandchild should have that; whether it should be given to Number One or to some other number. The orang-outang thought it ought to be given to one of the boys, because boys were so fond of whistling; while the organ-grinder, who,

strange to say, was not fond of music, was for giving it to a girl. But, as they had only put down numbers and not names, they could not tell which numbers stood for boys and which for girls, so they did not know what to do about the whistle. At last they made up their minds to go to the city and buy twelve presents, and not put any on the paper until they had bought them all, and then see where the whistle should go.

By this time it was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon, and as the next day was Christmas the presents for the thirteen grandchildren must be bought directly, and there was no time to lose. The orang-outang left the bear and the monkey at the house of the organ-grinder, who walked with him to the station and bought the tickets. When the train came he proposed to go into the smoking-car. The orang-outang said, "No." He was afraid to go into the smoking-car because he knew that as sure as he did so the clothes he had taken from the grandmamma's pile in the

attic would smell of the smoke, and she would want to know how this had happened, and then she might smell the smoke in the Animal Book, and turn over the pages until she came to the orang-outang, and there the smell of smoke would be so strong that he would surely be found out and disgraced, and perhaps all the animals would be sent away.

It was rather hard for the orang-outang to make the organ-grinder understand all this while they were getting on the train, but he found out that the orang-outang meant to have his own way when he caught him by the coat-collar and jerked him off the platform of the smoking-car into the car next to it, so that the organ-grinder was thrown down between the seats. He jumped up and was going to strike back, when the orang-outang opened his mouth wide and showed all his teeth with such a fierce look that the organ-grinder thought that he had better forgive him and say nothing about it, and as two ladies who

were sitting near the door got up very quickly and gave their seats to them, the orang-outang and the organ-grinder sat down, side by side, and were very good friends all the way to the city.

The organ-grinder said they had better go to the biggest department store, and when the orang-outang got there he thought it was the most beautiful place he had ever seen. They stopped outside for a while looking at the wonderful sights in the big windows, and then went in with all the other people who had come there to buy presents. It seemed to the orang-outang as if all the presents in the world were in that one place, and he could not tell which were the prettiest. When he came to the counter where the big wax dolls were, all dressed up in silk and satin and fur, and opening and shutting their eyes, and some of them saying "Papa" and "Mamma," he took them all for real live grandchildren and began to wonder who the grand-papa could be who had so many more than thir-



“The orang-outang and the organ-grinder sat down side by side.”
—Page 22

teen grandchildren. Then there were fire-engines and locomotives and steamboats and express wagons, hobby-horses and a thousand other things, most of which were too large for the orang-outang to carry away with him, so he could not buy dolls or velocipedes and he was wondering what he could pick out that would be small enough to take in his hands when, all of a sudden, he came across a lot of cunning toy animals, just like a great many of those in the Animal Book and looking so much like real live animals that the orang-outang almost thought they must be alive. He made signs to the organ-grinder that he had found the presents for the grandchildren, and they made a selection of twelve, and then the orang-outang thought that, after all, it would be best to have thirteen, so that each grandchild might have an animal and the white-nosed monkey could give his whistle to the organ-grinder's monkey or keep it himself, just as he might choose.



When the presents were all selected, the young lady who sold toys wrapped them up very nicely, and with the help of the organ-grinder the orang-outang counted out the money to pay for them, and took the bundle under his arm and was very happy. When he put his hand in his coat pocket to get out the money he had felt a large orange which some one had given him in the Square while he was making the bear dance, and now that he had bought the presents he thought it would be a good time for him to eat the orange, so down he sat on the floor and, laying the bundle beside him, took the orange in both of his paws. You know, there are several different ways of dividing an orange. Every boy and girl understands that an orange is round, like the globe, and some people cut it straight down from the North Pole to the South Pole, while others cut it across through the Equator, and others, again, divide it, like the globe, into four quarters, but whatever way they cut it they take care not to

eat the peel or the pits. But orang-outangs generally make but one or two bites of an orange, without stopping to cut or quarter it, and swallow the peel and the seeds along with the rest of the fruit, and our orang-outang bit off half the orange at once. All the people had been so busy buying their presents that they had taken no notice of him up to this time, but when he squatted down on the floor, taking up a great deal of room, they began to look at him very hard and to wonder who he could be, because it seemed strange that an old gentleman should want to sit down so, and still more strange that he should make only two bites of an orange and eat it in such a queer way. Presently, when they saw his great paws and his hairy face, there was a great deal of laughing and shouting and some screaming, and this made such a disturbance that a big policeman came in with a great club, and went to the orang-outang and told him to get up and go out. The orang-outang, who was very



“The orang-outang bit off half the orange at once.”—Page 26

busy eating, did nothing but sit still and take another bite, which finished the orange. Everybody shouted again, and the policeman stooped down and caught the orang-outang by the collar of his overcoat to pull him up from the floor and take him to the door, on which the orang-outang gave a great jump, and roared out just as if he had been in the forest, and jerked the club out of the policeman's hands and swung it around so swiftly that all the people ran off as fast as they could run, and the policeman, too, the orang-outang running after them, making the club swing around his head like a pin-wheel set off on the Fourth of July, so that pretty soon the orang-outang and the organ-grinder had the whole store to themselves, except that the young ladies who sold toys and other things, and who could not get out, were hiding behind the doors and under the counters.

There is no telling what harm the orang-outang might have done with the policeman's

club if it had not come into his head just then that it was time to go, and that they might lose the 6.10 train if they waited any longer, so he threw down the club, picked up his parcel, pulled the organ-grinder to the door, and before anybody knew what had become of them they were off for the Grand Central Depot.

IV

WHEN they came to the organ-grinder's house they heard a great noise, and on opening the door the first thing they saw was a pile of peanut shells reaching nearly up to the ceiling and the two monkeys lying beside it on the floor, kicking and twisting and screaming with pain. They had been eating peanuts ever since the organ-grinder and the orang-outang had left them and now they had awful pains, just as any boy or girl would have on Christmas, or any other day, if they should eat too much candy or cake or other things.

The bear was sitting quietly in one corner with the piece of old pipe in his mouth, which he seemed to enjoy as much as if there had been something in it to smoke, and he paid no atten-

tion to the poor monkeys. Perhaps he thought they were screaming for fun, or to amuse him, just as they had done so many things to amuse the people on the Square.



But the organ-grinder knew all about monkeys and something about peanuts, and he went to a shelf and took down a big black bottle of medicine, and held the monkeys tight while he poured a dose down each of their throats and gave them a hard shaking, because, as he read the label on

the bottle, they were to be well shaken when the medicine was taken. The poor monkeys made most pitiful faces and dismal yells, but the organ-grinder wanted to cure them before Christmas and when he made a motion to give them a second dose they stopped screaming all at once and were perfectly quiet.

Then the organ-grinder and the orang-outang arranged how the presents should be given to the thirteen grandchildren and put down the present for each one on the list where the number had been written. Number One had an elephant, Number Two a camel, and so on, down to Number Thirteen—an animal for every grandchild, and, after this was done, the orang-outang and the bear and the white-nosed monkey waited until it was so late that they were sure that every one would be in bed in the house on the hill, and then they shook paws all around and said good-by. The two monkeys were very sorry to part company. White-nose gave the whistle to the

other monkey as a Christmas present, and the orang-outang gave the organ-grinder all the money he had left in his pocket because it would be of no use to him any longer. This pleased the organ-grinder very much and he said the orang-outang was the kind of partner he liked to have.

The three animals had got close to the large gate of the house on the hill when all at once the orang-outang sat down on the curb-stone of the sidewalk with his feet in the gutter and gave a great groan.

"What is the matter?" said the bear and the monkey.

"Matter enough," said the orang-outang; "in the first place, how are we ever going to get all these presents to the thirteen grandchildren? They are not in this house, but live around in different houses, some of them ever so far from here, and we cannot get there to-night nor any time; and in the next place, how can we get into



"They knew he was Santa Claus himself."—*Page 34*

the house with all the doors locked and all the windows fastened as they are now, at twelve o'clock at night?"

The bear gave a low growl and hung his head down toward the gutter and said nothing.

The monkey spoke up and said: "I might climb up to some one of the windows but I suppose I should find it tight shut, for the grand-mamma is very particular to go round every night and see that all the doors and windows are bolted and fastened, and I cannot go down by the chimney because I am not Santa Claus. Nobody could do that except Santa Claus."

Just then they heard a sound of bells up the street, and very soon they saw something moving along that looked like a great pile of boxes and bundles, with rocking-horses and sleds and toys on the top and the sides, and in front sat the driver who was an old fellow with a long, white beard and a pointed fur cap, and who, when he got to the gate and saw the orang-outang, the

bear and the white-nosed monkey, began to laugh so merrily they knew he was Santa Claus himself.

"How strange it is," said the monkey, "that we should find Santa Claus just here."

"Not a bit more strange," said the orang-outang, "than that Santa Claus should find us just here. Very strange things happen on Christmas night."

When Santa Claus heard their story he laughed more merrily yet.

"Give me your bundle," said he. "I know all the thirteen grandchildren; they have all written me letters, and I have something here for each of them and will put your presents along with mine in their stockings, so that each one will get the right animal; just wait a minute or two and you will be able to walk right into the house, for I am going there and I will open the front door from the inside, but mind you lock and bolt it after you."

"But how can you tell——" began the monkey.

"Don't ask me any questions whatever," said Santa Claus. "If boys and girls and monkeys would be good friends with Santa Claus and have Santa Claus a good friend with them, they must not want to know anything more about him than what they find in their stockings. So good-night and Merry Christmas!" and off he went in a jiffy.

V

SURE enough when they went, after a little while, to the front door they found it ajar, and entered on tiptoe without making the least noise, locking and bolting it as Santa Claus had told them to do. Then the orang-outang took off his shoes and his whole suit, and the monkey carried all the things, including the soft hat, up to the attic and laid them all in order on the pile for the missionary, after which he came down stairs and the three animals made their way into the Library and to the corner where the Animal Book was kept, and crept in very softly, supposing that all the rest of the animals were sound asleep and would not know anything of their coming.

No such thing at all. The other animals were all wide awake and sitting up for them.

It had happened this way. They thought nobody saw them when they went away the night before, but this was a great mistake. The lynx, who had the sharpest sight of all the animals, and who always slept with both eyes open, had seen them when they slipped out and wondered what they were going to do, but, as he was a particular friend of the orang-outang, he did not want to make a noise or say anything, and let them all get away before he told any of the animals. But early the next morning, he told all he had seen, and after a while the animals thought that their going away had something to do with Christmas, and so they were all waiting to hear what they would have to say when they got back.

The orang-outang told the whole story of their adventures, and the bear and the monkey helped him in telling it, and when the animals heard about the meeting with Santa Claus, and how the thirteen grandchildren were sure to have the wonderful presents which the orang-outang de-

scribed, they were greatly delighted, and still more so when they heard that the presents were to be given from the Animal Book so that every animal in it should have a share in giving the presents.

The polar bear said they ought to give a vote of thanks to the orang-outang, the bear and the monkey; and the others all thought so too, except the hippopotamus, who, just as the elephant was waving his trunk to make all the animals look toward him and ask them if they agreed to thank the orang-outang, the bear and the monkey, called out in a very gruff voice that he did not want to thank them, and that he did not care anything about children or grandchildren or presents or Christmas; that it was a day for people to be idle in, and for boys and girls to get sick by eating candy and cake, and if he could have his way there would not be any Christmas at all.

This made all the other animals very unhappy, and they talked to each other a while until some



"A Merry Christmas!"—Page 41

one said: "Suppose we ask the lion what he thinks about Christmas, for he is the king of the beasts and what he will say must be right."

When the lion was told that he must speak to all the other animals he shook his mane and stood up and said:

"I know that the lion is the king of beasts, but I am an old lion, with no crown and no throne, and I am too weak to speak more than a few words, but I will say that this is a good day, for once upon a time it brought peace on earth and good will to men, and now it brings joy into homes and hearts, smiles for tears and glad thoughts for grief, and so I think it is blest for old and young, and great and small, and boys and girls, and for beasts and birds, too, for of all things in the world the best is Love, and what is best must be best for all."

While the lion was talking, the hippopotamus had crept up behind the elephant so as to hear better what was said, as he was hard of hearing,

just as he was hard every other way, and when the lion finished the elephant sat down on the



hippopotamus in such a way that nothing more was heard from him, and all the other animals agreed that they would thank the orang-outang and the bear and the monkey, and they were all happy together.

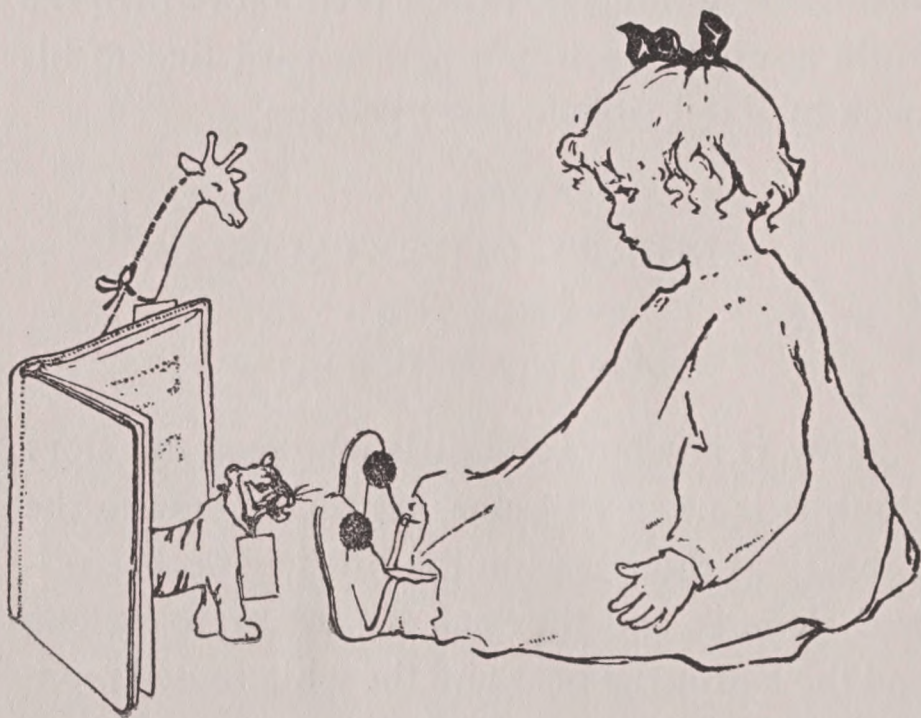
VI

AND when the Christmas sun rose and the thirteen grandchildren ran to their stockings they found a great many very nice things in them, but nothing surprised them more than the little animals, each one with a card tied to his neck by a red ribbon, just like this:

WITH A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
FROM THE
ANIMAL BOOK

Now, if any boys and girls who read this story think it is not a true one, let them come to the Library at the house on the hill where the Animal Book is, and they can see the orang-outang and the European bear and the white-nosed mon-

key for themselves, and the polar bear, the elephant, the giraffe, the lynx, the hippopotamus, and all the rest, and if any grandpapa is blessed with thirteen grandchildren, or any other number of grandchildren, and wants to know how to find presents for all of them, let him also come and take a leaf out of the ANIMAL BOOK.







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